

## CONDOLENCE WITH THE LIVING.

*Hiram, Portage Co., Ohio, Feby. 13th, 1852.*

DEAR BROTHER OLIPHANT,—

This day is closing upon us with sorrow. We have just started to the home of her childhood the corpse of a dear friend, that it may repose in the grave of her ancestors. You will mourn with us when you learn that the departed was Anna C. Hershey, the eldest daughter of our late most beloved brother Benjamin Hershey, of Williamsville. N. Y. It will be four years in March since her excellent father so well known to many of the saints for his hospitality and christian virtue, fell asleep in the Lord. By this stroke of Providence sister Hershey was deprived of her earthly stay and comfort, and the family of one of the kindest of fathers. Well nigh four years pass away and the relict survivor of the beloved Hershey, consents for her two daughters to pass a winter in School, in the Eclectic Institute. She enjoyed her usual fine health, and cheerful animation of spirits, till about a week ago. How little did we think that one short week would produce such a change!

She talked much of her poor mother. "How can mother endure it?" and this she said with an impressiveness that would have awakened sympathy in the hardest heart. She called her friends about her, to approach her bed side, talked to them of death and eternity, of the importance of being ready for the dying hour, and exhorted them to meet her in glory. Soon after this, the writer entered; she spoke out and said with a look that told of fervid feeling more than language could express, "Brother H. you will meet me in heaven." Then she charged me to comfort her mother, Once when all were weeping and some were sobbing aloud, she beheld them with earnestness, and wished them to be composed. After a little time, still fast failing, she said in a tone now scarcely intelligible, "My Bible." It was quickly placed in her hand; she looked to the one who stood near, and uttered faintly, "Read." The first few verses in the fourteenth chapter of John were read, also a part of the one hundred and third Psalm, and some other portions of the word of life. She listened with calmest attention. Her sight now failed—this world was all darkness to her. Still her mental faculties were perfectly under control, and she gave evidence of recognition of several of her friends.—Just before seven o'clock in the evening of the 12th of February, she passed the gates of death into the mansions of eternal rest.

Dear brother Oliphant, I have not written you this account for publication; it is too long. I have written it that I may for my own good, call up to recollection, the happy death-bed scene of a child of God. I have written it for you, for you know the church that is smitten, the family that is bereaved.

And O! who would not wish such a death! Even the sordid prophet could wish his death to be that of the righteous. How full of comfort the gospel hope in such an hour. It is like the pillar that led the Lord's host in the wilderness, which grew lighter as the world grew darker. O, what an hour, when the light of this world goes out